



Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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Uncle Wiggily Buys Crackers. So Do Jimmie Wibblewobble and Neddle Stubbail. The Skeezicks?--Just Look!

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"Well, here are my two little friends, Jimmie Wibblewobble and Neddle Stubbail," said Uncle Wiggily, as he saw the boy duck and the bear chap coming along the woodland path. "But why are you so sad?" asked the rabbit gentleman. "Because it will soon be Fourth of July," answered Jimmie, "and I've shot off all my torpedoes, and Neddle hasn't a single cap left for his pistol!" Uncle Wiggily smiled and said: "Come to the store with me, boys. We may have an adventure." Neddle and Jimmie hoped it would be an exciting one. It was.



"Are these soda crackers good and fresh?" asked Uncle Wiggily of the monkey doodie storekeeper. "Nurse Jane told me to bring only the best." The monkey doodie said they were the finest soda crackers in his shop. "Hello there, boys!" called the bunny rabbit to Jimmie and Neddle on the other side of the store. "Don't you want some soda crackers?" Jimmie and Neddle shook their heads. "We'd rather have firecrackers," they answered. "Oh, no! I couldn't let you have them. You might burn yourselves," spoke Uncle Wiggily.



"What's the matter, boys?" asked Uncle Wiggily of Jimmie and Neddle, as they went through the woods together, taking the soda crackers to Nurse Jane, who was going to make them into a cherry pie. "Why are you so sad?" Neddle sighed, and Jimmie quivered and said: "We'd like some firecrackers, Uncle Wiggily." The bunny rabbit shook his head. "I'll give you some money for ice cream cones, but not firecrackers," said he. "Run back and get the cones. I'll wait here for you."



"Uncle Wiggily gave us money to buy ice cream cones," said Jimmie to the monkey doodie storekeeper. "But I guess he won't mind if we buy a few firecrackers for Fourth of July," spoke Neddle. "I guess not," said the monkey doodie. "I'll put them in this empty cracker box so you may easily carry them." Jimmie and Neddle said "Murray!" for they thought they would have lots of fun. "There is going to be trouble," whispered one Squiggle Bug. "The Skeezicks is after Uncle Wiggily."



"Well, boys, I hope your ice cream cones don't melt before you get home with them," said Uncle Wiggily. "Why didn't you eat them on the way back, and not put them in a box?" Neddle and Jimmie looked sort of celebratory like, and said: "Oh, we didn't want to." Mr. Longears said they'd better hurry home, as Nurse Jane would be waiting for the soda crackers to make a cake. And the bad old Skeezicks, hiding in the woods, stuck out his tongue and said: "Two boxes of crackers for me, and some soups, also! Oh, what luck!"



"Run, boys, run!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as the bad old Skeezicks popped out from behind a tree and began to chase the bunny rabbit and the bear and duck boys. "Run as fast as you can!" And Jimmie and Neddle did for they didn't like the Skeezicks at all. "Stop! Wait for me!" the Skeezicks howled. "I want some soups to go with the soda crackers!" Did Uncle Wiggily and Jimmie and Neddle stop? Indeed they did not! They only ran the faster. "I'll get you yet!" barked the Skeezicks. And the Squiggle Bugs said: "Oh, dear!"



"Oh, he! So you thought you'd get away from me by running in the old log cabin where Mr. Wagtail, the goat gentleman used to live, did you?" asked the Skeezicks in a sneering voice. "Well, you didn't fool me, and here I am. Now I want some soda crackers and I want some soups off your ears!" and he barked like a dog. "Off whose ears?" asked Uncle Wiggily politely. "Off all your ears!" howled the Skeezicks. "But first I'll eat some of your crackers. I'm glad you have two boxes. So much the more for me!"



"I think I'll open this box of crackers first," said the Skeezicks, as he picked up the one Jimmie and Neddle had brought from the store. "Then I'll open Uncle Wiggily's and next I'll take his soups." Uncle Wiggily felt very sad. "If you're going to open that box you'd better go outside," said Neddle, trying hard not to laugh. "Why so?" asked the Skeezicks. "So you won't get cracker dust in your eyes," explained Neddle. "A good idea—I will go outside," said the Skeezicks.



"My goodness me, sakes alive and some orange lily-pops! What happened?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Those must have been funny ice cream cones in that box, boys! Then, as the Skeezicks was blown sky high, Jimmie said they hadn't bought ice cream cones, but, instead, firecrackers and torpedoes. "And when he opened our box a torpedo dropped out and set off some firecrackers," laughed Neddle. "I guess that Skeezicks will let us alone now." Uncle Wiggily said he guessed so, too, and he bought the boys some more fireworks.

And if the Puppy Dog doesn't jump out of the Cat's cradle and ride to the moving pictures on the clothes-horse, the next story and pictures will be about
UNCLE WIGGILY AND JACKIE'S BONE

